

and then he pulled a Tom Holland by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

Billy spends the brief summer break causing problems.

and then he pulled a Tom Holland

Every once in a while, he fancies himself an artist.

Even though the closest thing he ever got to freaking *art* was fingerpainting in kindergarten. Smearing his hands in color until he'd been validated for being *creative* . He'd always known it was bullshit, that he was better with his hands.

But, every once in a while, something will hit the light just right and he feels the *calling* to slap a filter over it and call it *art*.

At least, that's what he tells himself when he takes dumb pictures of random shit. Nothing as basic as his morning latte; he's gay but he's not trying to be a *chick* .

Usually it's shit like his rumpled sheets after he rolls out of bed. Something about the way the fabric pools where his legs had been tangled will catch his interest. The way his pillow is still creased from the weight of his head.

It's never anything extraordinary. But he posts something stupid like that with the right filter and *boom* . Six thousand likes.

He doesn't even need to caption it. Though he can't help but add something blasé like, *mornin'*. Then the whole day he gets enthusiastic comments from fans wishing him a good morning.

He's petty like that. Fishing for well wishes.

Because the sad, stark truth is he wakes up alone.

That's how all social media is, really. In his eyes anyway. People attempting to make something extraordinary out of the bleak boring that is the daily grind of their lives.

Oh look, it's my cat .

Maybe that's what prompts him to spill the news. Not that he really says anything so much as he takes a picture of a Honda motorcycle parked outside a local cafe with the caption *#soon* and the entire

world of MotoGP *explodes* .

It wasn't even a good picture. He'd had a coffee in one hand and half a bagel in his mouth and it's a miracle he hadn't dropped either.

But now it's all over the web.

His agent is pissed. Which is fair, though the contract was final and eventually it was going to get leaked to the press *somehow* . Might as well be him to let the cat out of the bag.

It's his fucking news to share after all.

It takes less than twenty minutes for Steve's fan base to start attacking him. Which is hysterical, to him.

A fan base that prides themselves on supporting a clean-cut competitor is slinging mud at him and praying it sticks.

Asshole .

Freeloader .

Most of the insults don't land anywhere near the mark and they just start cluttering his feed. But he picks out a few of his favorites. Makes a few snapchats with screenshots of the hate with some emojis. Mostly cry-laughing.

Because *come on* .

Asshole?

He's been called an asshole since he was ten. Around the same time he'd used the phrase *I'm rubber and you're glue*.

That's how *stupid* Harrington's fans are. Or young.

Probably both.

Steve is a *role model*. According to his wikipedia page.

He's also 5'11", an inch taller than Billy's solid 5'10", but *who's measuring* .

Harrington's fans, obviously.

But so is Billy. Some days, he debates editing that wikipedia page. Adding some other measurements to Steve's statistics. It's a miracle he hasn't done it out of spite, yet.

Steve Harrington: Dick - 10 inches.

Not that he whipped out a ruler when he'd been down on his knees but he's definitely measured himself in a drunken haze of *stupidity* and he's packing a solid eight inches. He knows what above average *looks like* and like, Harrington is *not* average.

And, really, that's just another thing about him that makes him golden. Golden boy with a golden cock. Because, seriously, while on the topic of *art*. Billy wishes he'd snapped a picture of the goddamn *arm* in Steve's pants. It's a thing of beauty, without a need for a filter. What a thing to have on his instagram feed.

Now *that* would be news.

Sometime after lunch, he gets a phone call from a unknown number. A unknown number means one of two things and Billy doesn't like either.

At least the prisons in California aren't unlisted. He's checked. Added every single number into his phone.

And then blocked them all.

"Hello?" He's half expecting his agent to be calling from Maui. On his honeymoon. Or something. On a cruise? Billy wouldn't be shocked to get at least a phone call, even when the guy is on an island. Or lost at sea. The loser *lives* for his job.

"You're a fucking *idiot*."

Steve's voice has Billy grinning like a dope, sitting up on his couch like there's finally something worth his *attention* .

“Pretty boy.” He purrs into the phone, sucks on his front teeth with delight. “To what do I owe this honor?”

“My agent is losing his goddamn mind because of you.”

The words could easily have been angry, but instead there’s a smile in their midst. A sing-song that makes Billy rumble a husky laugh before he lies back down on the couch. Flexes his bare stomach because he’s *hard* just hearing Steve’s voice. He barely has to recall the memory of Steve’s *taste* to start chubbing up in his pants.

“I have that effect on people.” He groans, intentionally loud, and runs his hands over his abs. He’d done a ton of extra sit-ups that morning, partially out of boredom and partially out of vanity. The selfie he’d taken of himself in shorts and nothing else had been worth it.

He had an eight pack, he’d *counted* . And maybe he’d pushed his shorts down a little low, just to get at that pretty V at his groin before he’d taken the shot. Flexed his cock just enough to get that little *tent* in his shorts.

Maybe.

But none of that really compares to the images in his head. The *memories* . Steve *touching* him, rubbing the head of his cock under the hem of his shorts. He imagines what would have happened if Steve had followed him back to his room. Imagines Steve’s palm hot on his ribs, on his thighs. Imagines being pinned down by those hands, stroked and *played with* .

Billy imagines being draped in *Steve* instead of being alone on his couch.

“You really don’t give a shit, do you?” Steve laughs. “You, just, do whatever you want.”

“Whatever. Whoever.” Billy adds, tongue in his teeth. Even though he’s been living the *opposite* . He hasn’t brought home any easy ass in weeks. It’s probably the longest he’s been home without waking up to a stranger in his bed and a load of dirty sheets to wash.

Honestly, his condom supply runneth over.

“By the way, I’m still waiting on that thank you note.” Billy prods because he’s a *shit* . And he *wants* . His cock is hot under his sweatpants, pressing up against the material until it lifts the front.

Thick and so needy, it kicks.

He’d stroke it if he wasn’t having so much fun imagining *Steve’s* hand in his sweats. Touching him like he had in the hallway at the hotel. Teasing him until the head of Billy’s cock is wet, leaving a dark spot on his pants.

“What the hell does that mean? What thank you note?”

He wishes he could see Steve’s face. Feel his breath on his skin when the guy speaks. He wants to *touch* him.

He’s *pathetic* .

“From the princess.” Billy grins. Runs his thumb over the ridge of his right hip. It juts out above the waistband of his sweats, the skin tight over bone. “You know, the one where she thanks me for the hard dick I sent back to her room.”

There’s only a *bit* of jealousy in his gut when he says the words. Imagines, however briefly, Steve fucking Nancy with the iron cock that had pressed to his thigh in that hallway. Envy her, for a second.

That she’s felt that. Not his *cock* , well, *yes* his cock. But being in *bed* with Steve Harrington. Writhing in the sheets, gasping each other’s names, clinging to Steve’s back as he falls into bliss.

Though they’d both wanted it, Billy had gone back to his room alone. And now, yeah, he hopes Steve didn’t have sex with Nancy that night.

Because, well, he’s not sure how he’d feel about that. But it’s not good.

“Are you *jealous* ?” Steve asks quietly, like, he’s *aware* of the answer but he’s waiting for Billy to clobber him with denials. Laughter or something, *cocky* .

But he's given up playing aloof with Steve. Not when he's literally knelt at his feet.

"Jealous?" He swallows his pride, nibbles his bottom lip. "Maybe."

He means *yes* but he knows that Steve *knows* that. He knows that Steve knows how *badly* he'd wanted to take him to bed that night. Wanted to wear him out until the sun came up.

"Don't be. She was asleep when I got back." Something about Steve's voice has Billy grinning. Like maybe the Golden Boy had been just as *disappointed* as he'd been, going back to what was *essentially* an empty bed.

Like Nancy had *been* there. But, she might as well have been in another room. In another state, even.

"Did you jerk off in bed beside her?" Billy knows the answer but he's also dying to know how Steve had ended the night. Needs a better image in his head than Steve lying in the dark and staring at the ceiling.

Billy had spent the better part of an hour washing come off his leg. Then jerking off again to the memory. He could have gone a few rounds, if he'd had the chance. Steve laughs with a low, breathy chuckle and Billy grins. Licks his teeth. "Or are you a gentleman and beat your meat in the bathroom?"

"You're fucking gross." Steve is laughing still when he sputters out the words.

"I'm *right* , though, aren't I?" When nothing but silence reaches his ears, Billy laughs. Arches his spine with *pleasure* . "You dirty fuck, you *did* . In the bathroom while your little woman slept."

And like, that picture is doing *things* for him. He's rapidly growing rock hard in his pants. Fattening out against his thigh.

"Did you watch yourself in the mirror?" He drops his voice deep, lets his intention bleed into his tone. He *wants* Steve to know that he's imagining it. That he's brushing his fingertips over his cock in his sweatpants, thinking about Steve furiously fucking his fist in a

bathroom mirror.

Eyelids heavy and mouth open. Moans muted but *hungry*. Chest misted with a fine sheen of sweat.

“Do *you* watch yourself in the mirror, *jesus* .” Steve is breathless. Which is *good* . Billy likes getting him riled. Hopes that he’s wearing some stupidly expensive linen slacks and gets precome on them from the filthy images Billy’s putting in his head.

He’s a dick like that.

“Hell yes, I do. That’s the best part of a solo act.” He’d even filmed himself, once. From the waist down without any kind of identifying marks in frame. Talk about giving his management a *heart attack* . Even though, he’d been tempted to post it to some kind of porn site, see the comments he’d get from random strangers.

He likes compliments, okay? And his dick is a solid ten in a world of six and sevens.

“I thought the best part of jerking off was getting off . ” Steve teases. And dammit if Billy’s cock doesn’t kick like it wants to reply . To *agree* .

“Well *yeah* . But that’s like saying you eat to live.” Billy snorts, pushes his sweats down, lets his cock slip out and slap back against his belly. “Have you ever just eaten something because you *wanted* it?”

“Obviously. I mean, *Italy* exists. Remember?” Steve kids but his voice is a little heavier. A little, throaty.

“So, have you ever fucked yourself, and watched?” Billy grips himself and *strokes* . Lets the groan in his chest grind out of his lips. “Watched yourself come?”

“No, because my name isn’t *Narcissus* .” Steve snorts. And Billy laughs. Really laughs, lets it ring out in his living room and echo off the high ceilings.

“ *Ohh* , nice mythology burn. *Nerd* . ”

Squeezing the head of his cock, he sighs. Sighs and staves off an orgasm that tingles in his balls. He likes to come, like anyone, but that's not the point.

He'd edge for hours if it felt good enough. If he was enjoying it. Like he's enjoying Steve's voice in his ear when he says, "Eat me."

Billy can practically see his stupid face. His big, shit-eating grin. Golden Boy, through and through.

"Oh, *Harrington* ." Billy growls, pressing his thumb into the slit of his swollen head. "Is that an invitation?"

Author's Note:

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